

## Your Poison

Low

I've spent a lot of time  
Good people  
Trying to make it rhyme  
Good people  
It gave my mind a little place to hide  
If you don't like my lines  
Good people  
You better open wide  
Good people  
Call the chief, it has become my belief that your tongue is the  
weapon  
You cut what you reap with your poison  
Your poison  
Your poison  
Your poison